

The Mirror

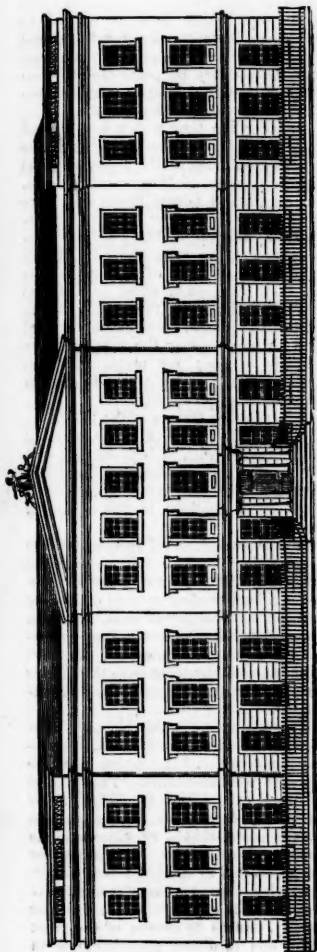
OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

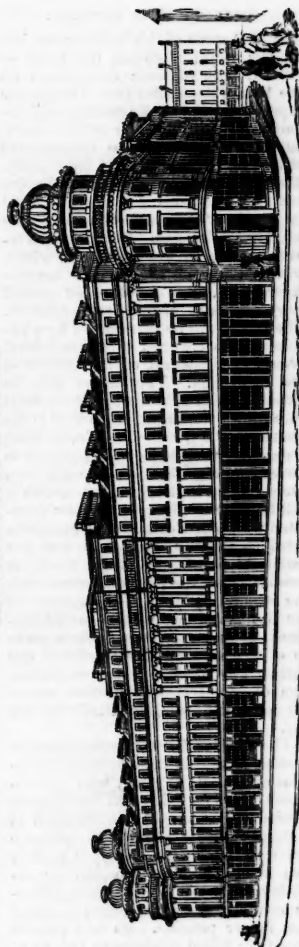
No. 514.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1831.

[PRICE 2d.



CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.



WEST STRAND.

THE annexed Engravings are gratifying illustrations of the architectural embellishment of one of the most important quarters of the metropolis, being contiguous to the spot which Dr. Johnson designated "the full tide of human affairs." They are also proud testimonials of the active benevolence and commercial enterprise of this vast city.

CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

THE first stone of this building was laid by His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, with Masonic ceremonies, on the 15th of September last. The Façade represented in the Engraving, will extend about 180 feet towards Agar-street, but a portion only will be appropriated at first for the purposes of the Charity. The return elevations towards Chandos and William streets, will be each 72 feet in length. The architecture is chaste and simple Grecian. The principal façade will present a centre and two wings, with a range of 17 windows towards Agar-street, with a rusticated ground story, continued throughout the building. The centre will be surmounted by a pediment to be crowned with a sculptural group, emblematical of the objects of the Institution. The wings will be furnished with balustrades; the principal entrance for the patients will be in the centre of the front. The South front is designed with more embellishment to correspond with the handsome buildings lately erected in the Strand, to which it will be more contiguous. A bow decorated with four Corinthian columns elevated on the rusticated story, will give variety to this façade, whilst a circular termination of the plan will accord with the form of the site. The entrance for the Governors, &c. will be in William-street, under a recessed or loggia portico of two Grecian Doric columns and antæ. The whole will be from the design of Mr. Decimus Burton, one of the most successful architects of the day.

The Charing Cross Hospital owes its commencement to the meritorious exertions of Dr. B. Golding, who contemplated by its establishment the hitherto untried but very useful combination of a Dispensary for supplying attendance and medicine to the sick poor at their own homes, with an Hospital for receiving and providing with clean domestic comforts the more dangerous cases—as indoor patients. Its first patrons were their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Augusta and Sophia, and the late Dukes of York and Kent, those brothers in benevolence. A brief notice of the

origin of the fund with which the proposed building has been commenced, will be found in vol. xi. of *the Mirror*, page 64; and for the subsequent outline of the Charity, we are indebted to a benevolent gentleman.

Although this Charity has now been in active operation 12 or 14 years in the vicinity of Charing Cross, the unsettled state of that neighbourhood, and the alterations which have so long been going on have, until recently, almost entirely confined its exertions to those of a Dispensary by preventing the Governors from obtaining an eligible situation for the intended building.

During the time which has elapsed from the origin of the institution to the recent conclusion of the treaty with the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, for the present advantageous site, there have been admitted for relief as out-patients upwards of 30,000 poor sick persons, and the governors have by an economical reservation of surplus income on their own part, aided by a liberal subscription towards the building on the part of the public, obtained the required sum for commencing the proposed very suitable edifice; yet much additional assistance will be necessary to confirm its permanent prosperity.

The peculiar feature of the Charity—the two-fold object of a Dispensary and an Hospital—will, it is presumed, render a large and burthensome establishment less necessary than if its exertions were solely confined to the objects of the latter.

In the formation of this hospital an opportunity is afforded to any affluent and benevolent person of founding, endowing, and naming a ward or bed, or any limited number of beds, to which he may feel inclined—so that the liberality of their founder will be perpetuated and identified with the objects upon which that liberality may be exercised.

This will form the 8th casualty Hospital for this large metropolis, the population of which has doubled since the last one was instituted. The present existing establishments designed for similar purposes, are St. Bartholomew's, St. Thomas's, Guy's, St. George's, the London, Westminster, and Middlesex Hospitals, and as the important district in which it is to stand is, although midway, upwards of a mile from any similar Charity, and as by reason of the great traffic and thronged thoroughfares in that quarter, accidents are of daily occurrence, an institution of this nature has long been greatly wanted there.

WEST STRAND,

REPRESENTED in the second Engraving is in a more ornate style than the Hospital, and, as its name implies, occupies the western termination of the Strand. It consists of a handsome centre; the first and second stories of which are ornamented with columns with rich capitals, while the attic story is raised above that of the wings by balustrades. The ends have two columns only. The somewhat overloaded style of the circular terminations, however, compensates for this plainness; but we suspect their ornamental character will fright the propriety of architectural critics. Indeed, there is a discordant appearance in a cupola topped, balustraded, and columned building upon a shop basement, much as we are disinclined to disparage so honourable an appropriation: the contrast of luxury and labour is too great, although it is relieved by the recollection that means may be provided in the lower story for the support of the upper: nevertheless, the palace style of these buildings is not quite in character with their intended appropriation.

Nearly in the centre of the façade, or in the right wing of its centre, are three doorways to a handsome arcade, which we shall introduce more specially to our readers. The height of this arcade is nearly equal to the second floor in the façade, but the harmony of the whole building is preserved by this part of the façade being a sort of screen front to the arcade.

THE HABEAS CORPUS ACT.

THE Habeas Corpus Act is the famous statute, 31 Charles II. cap. 2.

"The oppression of an obscure individual, (says Judge Blackstone,) gave rise to the famous Habeas Corpus Act."

"The individual here alluded to, was one Francis Jenks, who (says De Lolme) having made a motion at Guildhall, in the year 1676, to petition the king for a new parliament, was examined before the privy council, and afterwards committed to the Gate-house, where he was kept about two months, through the delays made by the several judges to whom he applied, in granting him a Habeas Corpus."—See *State Trials*, vol. vii. anno 1676.

Mr. Fox, in his *Life of James II.*, p. 35, has characterized this act as "the most important barrier against tyranny, and best framed protection for the liberty of individuals that has ever existed in any ancient or modern commonwealth."

P. T. W.

T 2

THE STANDARD-BEARER TO HIS EAGLE, IN THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA.

(For the Mirror.)

"Fame's favourite minion!
The theme of her story!
How quail'd its thy pinion—
How sullied its glory!"

BERNARD BARTON.

[It is related by Le Beaume, in his narrative, that on the disastrous desertion of the army by Napoleon, at Smorghoni, the retreat became doubly overwhelming and disorderly. So extensive were the captures made by the Russians, and so closely did they press the brave but subdued remnant of the French army, that the eagle-bearers, rather than that their standards should be taken by the enemy, *buried them*, in many instances, in the dead-strewn wilderness. The following verses are founded on this incident. *En passant*, it may be observed, that in perusing Le Beaume's work, considerable allowance should be made for his prejudices against Napoleon. The date of his book is somewhat ominous of his hostility to the "foremost man of all this world." At the period of its being published, the emperor was an exile in Elba, and the restored Bourbon sat on the throne of France.]

STANDARD of a glorious leader;
Hotly swells the battle's strife:
Ere the coward Cossack seize thee,
I will sell thee with my life!

Though I faint for nature's succour,
Weakly languishing for bread,
Though with stiff 'ning limbs the soldier
Climbs the mountain of the dead:—

Yet before the Russ shall clutch thee,
Earth shall hide thee in her womb—
I have strength of hands and sinew
Yet to scoop thy honour'd tomb.

Thou didst soar o'er Moscow's burning,
Where the conqueror's cannon peal'd;
When the wrathful fire was rising
O'er the desert's battle-field.

Gems and jewels sparkle round me,
Where our flags no more unfurl—
Hoards of gold, and heaps of silver;
Cups encased in orient pearl.

But the splendour of thy plumage
With these dazzling spoils may vie;
Brighter than the fretted chalice,
Eagle, flames thy dauntless eye.

Like another Phoenix, springing
From thy sanguine solitude,
Promptly shall thy drooping pinions
Be again in blood imbued!

Ah,—I feel my breath is failing;
Flush'd with blood, my eye-balls start:
Death's cold hand I know is grasping
Firmly at my freezing heart.

Comrade, take my cherish'd medal—
On it drops a soldier's tear :—
Unto Beauharnois convey it—
Whisper that my grave was here.

On this sword so burnt and blacken'd,
By the chateau's stayless fire,
(Though I hope thy resurrection,)
Eagle, is thy fun'ral pyre.

* * H.

The Novelist.

ALINE.

A Legendary Tale.

(For the Mirror.)

"My parents," said the fair Aline to her unknown lover, with whom she was holding, at midnight, a clandestine conference, at the little gate of the northern turret, "my parents will assuredly miss me, therefore, dear Florestan, ask me not to meet you at that hour, for positively I cannot."

"Rather say," replied the knight, "that you dare not."

"I confess it, and wherefore should I dare the displeasure of my father and mother? Why should I court that discovery of our affection, and accustomed interviews, which for the present you are so particularly anxious to avoid? and why, above all, when I can and do, see you so frequently in peace and safety here, should I tempt the danger of that horrid wood, haunted as people say it is, by a cruel forest fiend?"

"The knight laughed aloud; and his laugh, cold, bitter, and contemptuous, grated upon the soul, as well as the ears, of Aline. "Ay," replied he, "said I not well, that you dare not meet me there? and is it not becoming, lady, in you, to show me that the source of your secret repugnance lies, not in the fear of offending your parents, not in the dread of their discovering an intercourse, the publication of which is risked by every interview like this; but in the influence, undue, which a senseless superstition has obtained over your mind, to the detriment of reason, and your vaulted affection?"

"Good heavens! Florestan! how truly cruel is this suggestion! Have I not ever done all that you can rationally require, to oblige, and prove my attachment to you? Why then, should you torment me, by pretending to have doubts of that, the stability of which you cannot seriously question."

"But by Satan's self," returned the knight, "I do begin to suspect."

"Oblige me, Florestan, by abjuring such coarse asseverations; to swear by

one's God, when occasion warrants not an oath, is extremely sinful; but to swear, as you too frequently do, by the evil angels, is to me a thing inconceivably strange and horrible."

"By Beelzebub!" ejaculated the knight, "but you are too particular, Aline, touching modes of expression, which in truth mean nothing, and are in vogue, or not, according to the dictates of fashion; yet, will I endeavour to oblige you in this matter, provided you give me the promise I require."

"Well, then, Florestan, I suppose I must, since you seem so greatly to desire it, though I cannot conceive why your 'particular communication' might not have as well been made here, as in the wood."

The lovers shortly afterwards parted, and Aline, as she heard the gusty wind sigh mournfully down the narrow stairs, up which she cautiously crept to her apartment in the turret, felt at her heart a faintness and chill of indefinable sorrow and dread. She lived in an age of superstition, and the vivid recollection which now flashed athwart her mind of what had been predicted by an astrologer at her birth, tended by no means to restore that cheerfulness which it was so singular, so delightful a thing to most female hearts, as an interview with a lover, had totally banished. "Alas!" cried the doubting girl, "what have I foolishly done?" and seating herself near the lamp which burned in her chamber, she took from a small case of red velvet, a parchment scroll, and soliloquized thus, as she attentively perused it:—"Am I not just twenty-one? And have I not ever been immured like a nun, in order to preserve, possibly, my very existence, from the danger wherewith I am, at about this time, menaced, from strange hands? Have I ever been permitted to appear in the society of strangers alone? or ever to quit the castle unattended? Alas! no! but how could I help myself in this assignation? Did he not doubt my love, which was unendurable? and laugh at my superstitious fears, which was insulting? And then what injury should accrue to me, from a sun-set walk with Sir Florestan in the forest? 'Tis true, I know naught respecting him, but his lineage, education, and whole history, am I not now in a few brief hours to hear? And, gentle as he is, though ardent, would he not sooner protect me from injury than inflict it? Also, morally speaking, shall I, in thus humoring the whim of my

Florestan, commit,—an impropriety it may be, but,—a sin? Oh, no, no,” And having thus compromised the matter between prudence and propriety, inclination and immorality, the maiden restored to its case the prophetic scroll, extinguished her lamp, and soon fell into a calm and refreshing slumber.

Next evening, true to her appointment, she entered, towards sunset, with no slight degree of trepidation, the green forest walk, which had been named by Sir Florestan as the place of tryst; although dark, sullen masses of heavy clouds seemed about to descend and rest their ponderous bodies, weary with ceaseless wandering, upon the bosom of earth, whilst the close, sultry atmosphere, and the supernatural stillness of all nature, portended a terrible tempest. The knight, who had arrived at the rendezvous before Aline, advanced to meet her; and soon, very soon, the delighted pair engaged in conversation, suited no doubt to the occasion, and state of their feelings, were immersed in the thickest shades and gloomiest recesses of the great, wild wood. However, in the midst of that “particular communication,” which Sir Florestan had drawn his Aline thither to receive, they encountered a venerable hermit, who gazed by turns at each, with a pitying and wrathful expression of countenance.

“Lady,” cried he, “unhappy one! knowest thou upon whose arm thou art now leaning for support? Whose envenomed breath thou art now inhaling? and whose insidious words, more poisonous still, thou dost, as they proceed from his accursed lips, hearken unto with such strange and blushing delight?”

Aline, terrified by this address, endeavoured to withdraw her arm from that of Florestan, who whispering, “My dear Aline, the old dotard is mad; heed not his idle words,” held it yet more firmly to his side.

“Avaunt, demon!” cried the recluse, his mild eyes darting a thousand daggers, “I am neither mad nor dotting! And oh, thou fair young creature, for whom my heart bleeds at its very core, unless thou consentest to place thyself immediately under my protection, dearly shalt thou rue the hour in which with his enchantments and hypocrisy, thou didst permit the forest fiend to beguile thine eyes, ears, and understanding.”

“Old man,” cried the knight, with inflamed visage, “driveller, liar, thou art thyself, as thou well knowest, the wood demon, who under such saintly

guise, Satan transformed into an angel of light, dost seek to lure my own Aline to her ruin! But loved and loving one, trust not the hoary hypocrite, or rather say—”

“In the name of God!” cried the anchorite in great agony, “I entreat thee, ere it be too late, to leave him, and suffer my weak arm to support you to your home!”

“Aline, Aline,” cried Sir Florestan, in heart-rending accents, “O, forsake not me, thy betrothed husband, and thy long-tried friend.”

The alarmed girl stood irresolute which of these strangely confronted beings to credit, and unto which to fly for succour and security: there was a fearful pause, relieved but by the low, ominous mutter of distant thunder, and at length, she softly besought Sir Florestan to continue her protector, and bear her from the forest and its insidious fiend.

Then did the aged hermit utter a piteous exclamation, and fixing his sorrowful eyes stedfastly upon Aline, exclaimed, “Poor deluded one! wretched girl! now is it indeed beyond my power to save thee, since thou hast in the very face of warning, deliberately resigned thyself into the hands of that accursed being! Receive then the recompense of thy blind obstinacy and disobedient folly, and may the Lord have compassion upon your soul!” Then turning to the false knight, who now clutched the fainting, terrified Aline, with a grasp which fearfully assured her in whose power she was, “Demon,” cried he, “Devil incarnate! quit, in the holy name of God, that false, delusive figure, and appear in the shape of natural deformity peculiarly thine own, and emblematic of thy yet more monstrous mind, and so, let this hapless maiden see and believe into whose hands she has blindly resigned herself.”

Scarcely had the holy man pronounced these words, than the pretended knight stood forth a most hideous demon; a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a tremendous thunder-clap, and the impregnation of the air with a strong sulphureous odour succeeded, and scarcely had the unfortunate Aline expressed by one long, heart-rending shriek, her sense of the horrible metamorphose which had come over the unknown, when the diabolical forest fiend, raising her in his arms, ascended with her, higher even than the highest trees, and casting her down with vengeful force, howled forth a devilish jubilate over her remains, shattered, bleeding, and yet

quivering with the convulsive throes of that fearful death-shock; the burden of this terrible song seemed to the horrified solitary who stood aghast at this dreadful catastrophe, to be an exultation over the miserable maiden, who preferred the advice, society, and protection of the gay, dissipated, and unknown of the other sex, to the counsels, company, and steady, respectable guardianship of the elderly and holy! M. L. B.

Notes of a Reader.

A LONDON DAILY NEWSPAPER.

THE stamp upon a newspaper, *minus* the discount, is about 3*d.*, to which adding 1*d.* for paper, makes the price of it before a single type is set (for the stamp duty is invariably paid per advance), just fourpence-halfpenny. It is sold to the newsmen for sixpence—this, in fact, being the price for which the publisher accounts to the proprietor. The profit, therefore, on a single paper, which pays so heavy a tax, and is conducted at so much risk—the unavoidable hazard of damages in civil action, fine, and imprisonment, is precisely *three halfpennies!* For this paltry profit is the whole world ransacked for news—a sentinel, in the shape of a foreign correspondent, stationed in every capital city of Europe and America—an agent in every seaport and market-town—a spy in every court and camp—an eavesdropper in every public office—a reporter at the elbow of every member of parliament—a reporter at every public feast and funeral—at every meeting of the saints—at every gathering of the common council and the prize-ring—at every *fête champêtre* and public execution—at every public whipping and charity-sermon—at the first appearance of every thief in the police court, who is watched till he waves his stolen handkerchief as he steps on board the hulks—at every market where women, or outs, or horses, or straw, or coals are sold—at every trial for treason or petty larceny—at the inquest held upon every strumpet who drowns herself, or patriot who cuts his throat—at every commission of lunacy, and at every royal coronation. For a poor penny-half-penny on each paper is all this done—all these persons employed; and all that passes in the world is wafted on a broad sheet from pole to pole, in spite of plague, *cordon sanitaire*, or civil war. It must therefore be obvious, that upon the number of papers sold almost entirely depends their success. The number

sold must be prodigious to yield a profit adequate to the expenditure necessarily incurred by so many agents, and the difficulties thrown in the way of obtaining foreign intelligence by the rapacity and unwarrantable interposition of the clerks in the foreign department of the post-office. But the numbers sold by any newspaper in London are not equal to the sale of some of the Paris journals.* This is caused by the high price of the article in England. Sevenpence, the price which the consumer pays, is enormous, and naturally restricts the circulation. The trade is consequently in few hands; for how few persons are there who can afford to purchase even a single paper per day, this amounting to 4*s.* 1*d.* per week, or 10*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.* per annum†.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

POOR AND PRODIGAL AUTHORS OF THE LAST CENTURY.

AT the time when Johnson commenced his literary career, a writer had little to hope from the patronage of powerful individuals. The patronage of the public did not yet furnish the means of comfortable subsistence. The prices paid by booksellers to authors were so low, that a man of considerable talents and unremitting industry could do little more than provide for the day which was passing over him. The lean kine had eaten up the fat kine. The thin and withered ears had devoured the good ears. The season of rich harvests was over, and the period of famine had begun. All that is squalid and miserable might now be summed up in the one word—Poet. That word denoted a creature dressed like a scarecrow, familiar with compters and spunging-houses, and perfectly qualified to decide on the comparative merits of the Common Side in the King's Bench prison, and of Mount Scoundrel in the Fleet. Even the poorest pitied him; and they well might pity him. For if their condition was equally abject, their aspirations were not equally high, nor their sense of insult equally acute. To lodge in a garret up four pair of stairs, to dine in a cellar amongst footmen out of place,—to translate ten hours a-day for the wages of a ditcher,—to be hunted by bailiffs from one haunt of beggary and pestilence to another, from Grub street to St. George's fields, and from St. George's fields to the alleys behind St.

* We doubt this. Ed. M.

† There are, of course, only six daily papers; the Sunday's paper being on quite a different scale. Ed. M.

Martin's church,—to sleep on a bulk in June, and amidst the ashes of a glass-house in December,—to die in an hospital, and to be buried in a parish vault, was the fate of more than one writer, who, if he had lived thirty years earlier, would have been admitted to the sittings of the Kit-cat or the Scriblerus Club, would have sat in the Parliament, and would have been intrusted with embassies to the high Allies; who, if he had lived, in our time, would have received from the booksellers several hundred pounds a-year.

As every climate has its peculiar diseases, so every walk of life has its peculiar temptations. The literary character, assuredly, has always had its share of faults—vanity, jealousy, morbid sensibility. To these faults were now superadded all the faults which are commonly found in men whose livelihood is precarious, and whose principles are exposed to the trial of severe distress. All the vices of the gambler and of the beggar were blended with those of the author. The prizes in the wretched lottery of book-making were scarcely less ruinous than the blanks. If good fortune came, it came in such a manner that it was almost certain to be abused. After months of starvation and despair, a full third night, or a well-received dedication, filled the pocket of the lean, ragged, unwashed poet with guineas. He hastened to enjoy these luxuries, with the images of which his mind had been haunted while sleeping amidst the cinders, and eating potatoes at the Irish ordinary in Shoe lane.—*Edinburgh Review*.

PECULIAR HABITS OF MUSICAL COMPOSERS.

SACCHINI could not write a passage except when his wife was at his side, and unless his cats, whose playfulness he admired, were gambolling about him.—*Harmonicon*.

PAISIELLO composed in bed. It was between sheets that he planned *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *La Molinara*, and other *chefs-d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness.—*Ibid*.

ZINGARELLI would dictate his music after reading a passage in one of the fathers of the church, or in some Latin classic.—*Ibid*.

HAYDN, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring sent him by Frederick II., and which he said was necessary to inspire his imagination, sat down to his piano, and in a few moments soared among the choirs. Nothing

disturbed him at Eisenstadt, the seat of Prince Esterhazy; he lived wholly for his art, exempt from worldly cares, and often said that he always enjoyed himself most when he was at work.—*Ibid*.

CIMAROSA was fond of noise; he liked to have his friends about him when he composed. Frequently in the course of a single night he wrote the subjects of eight or ten charming airs, which he afterwards finished in the midst of his friends.—*Ibid*.

PATRONAGE OF AUTHORS.

IN the reigns of William III., of Anne, and of George I., even such men as Congreve and Addison would scarcely have been able to live like gentlemen by the mere sale of their writings. But the deficiency of the natural demand for literature was, at the close of the seventeenth and at the beginning of the eighteenth century, more than made up by artificial encouragement,—by a vast system of bounties and premiums. There was, perhaps, never a time at which the rewards of literary merit were so splendid,—at which men who could write well found such easy admittance into the most distinguished society, and to the highest honours of the state. The chiefs of both the great parties into which the kingdom was divided patronized literature with emulous munificence. Congreve, when he had scarcely attained his majority, was rewarded for his first comedy with places which made him independent for life. Smith, though his Hippolytus and Phœdra failed, would have been consoled with 300*l*. a-year but for his own folly. Rowe was not only poet-laureate, but land-surveyor of the customs in the port of London, clerk of the council to the Prince of Wales, and secretary of the Presentations to the Lord Chancellor. Hughes was secretary to the Commissions of the Peace. Ambrose Philips was judge of the Prerogative Court in Ireland. Locke was Commissioner of Appeals, and of the Board of Trade. Newton was Master of the Mint. Stepney and Prior were employed in embassies of high dignity and importance. Gay, who commenced life as apprentice to a silkmonger, became a secretary of legation at five-and-twenty. It was to a poem on the Death of Charles II., and to the City and Country Mouse that Montague owed his introduction into public life, his earldom, his garter, and his auditorship of the Exchequer. Swift, but for the unconquerable prejudices of the queen, would have been a bishop. Ox-

ford, with his white staff in his hand, passed through the crowd of his suitors to welcome Parnell, when that ingenious writer deserted the Whigs. Steele was a commissioner of stamps and a member of Parliament. Arthur Mainwaring was a commissioner of the customs, and auditor of the imprest. Tickell was secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland. Addison was secretary of state.

This liberal patronage was brought into fashion, as it seems, by the magnificent Dorset, who alone of all the noble versifiers in the court of Charles the Second, possessed talents for composition which would have made him eminent without the aid of a coronet. Montague owed his elevation to the favour of Dorset, and imitated through the whole course of his life the liberality to which he was himself so greatly indebted. The Tory leaders—Harley and Bolingbroke in particular—vied with the chiefs of the Whig party in zeal for the encouragement of letters. But soon after the accession of the throne of Hanover a change took place. The supreme power passed to a man who cared little for poetry or eloquence. The importance of the House of Commons was constantly on the increase. The government was under the necessity of bartering for Parliamentary support much of that patronage which had been employed in fostering literary merit; and Walpole was by no means inclined to divert any part of the fund of corruption to purposes which he considered as idle. He had eminent talents for government and for debate. But he had paid little attention to books, and felt little respect for authors. One of the coarse jokes of his friend, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, was far more pleasing to him than Thomson's Seasons, or Richardson's Pamela. He had observed that some of the distinguished writers whom the favour of Halifax had turned into statesmen, had been mere encumbrances to their party, dawdlers in office, and mutes in Parliament. During the whole course of his administration, therefore, he scarcely patronized a single man of genius. The best writers of the age gave all their support to the opposition, and contributed to excite that discontent which, after plunging the nation into a foolish and unjust war, overthrew the minister to make room for men less able and equally unscrupulous. The opposition could reward its eulogists with little more than promises and caresses. St. James's would give nothing—Leicester house had nothing to give.—*Edinburgh Review.*

Old Poets.

ENVY.

FOUL Envy, thou the partial judge of right,
Son of Deceit, born of that harlot Hate,
Nursed in Hell, a vile and ugly sprite,
Feeding on Slander, cherish'd with debate,
Never contented with thine own estate;
Deeming alike, the wicked and the good,
Whose words be gall, whose actions end in blood.
DRAYTON.

PATIENCE.

MAN in himself a little world doth bear,
His soul the monarch ever ruling there,
Wherever then his body doth remain,
He is a king that in himself doth reign,
And never feareth fortune's hot'st alarms
That bears against her patience for his arms.
IDEM.

PATIENCE doth bear a never pierced shield,
Whose brightness hath enforc'd more monsters
yield,
Than that of ugly Gorgon's head was made.
SYLVESTER.

VALOUR AND ART.

VALOUR and Art are both the sons of Jove,
Both brethren by the father not the mother;
Both peers without compare, both live in love,
But Art doth seem to be the elder brother,
Because he first gave life unto the other.
Who afterward gave life to him again,
Thus each by other doth his life retain.
FITZ JEFFERY.

ART.

ART is nobility's true register,
Nobility Art's champion still is said;
Learning is Fortitude's right calendar,
And Fortitude is Learning's saint and aid,
Thus if the balance between both be weigh'd,
Honour shields Learning from all injury,
And Learning, Honour from black infamy.
IDEM.

REVENGE.

THE soul is like a bold 'rous working sea,
Swelling in billows for disdain of wrongs,
And tumbling up and down from bay to bay,
Proves great with child of indignations;
Yet with revenge is brought to calm allay,
Disburden'd of the pain thereto belongs.
Her bowers are turn'd to bright-fac'd sunshine
braves.
And fair content plays gently on her waves.
MARKHAM.

NEXT within the entry of the gate,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth with ire,
Devising means how she may vengeance take,
Never in rest till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she,
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.
SACKVILL.

LOVE.

SOON is his roof, in thought is his progression,
His childhood wonder, 'prenticeship attention;
His youth delight, his age the soul's oppression
Doubt is his sleep, he waketh in invention.
Fancy his food, his clothing carefulness,
Beauty his book, his play lover's dissension.
His eyes are curious search, but veil'd with
warefulness,
His wings desire, oft clipt with desperation;
Largess his hands, could never skill of spareful-
ness.

But how he doth by might or by persuasion,
To conquer, and his conquest how to ratify,
Experience doubts, and schools had disputation.
SIR P. SIDNEY.

VIRTUE.

The path that leads to Virtue's Court is narrow,
Thorny, and up a hill, a bitter journey;
But being gone through, you find all heavenly
sweets,
The entrance is all flinty, but at th' end
Two towers of pearls and crystals you ascend.
DEKKER.

IGNORANCE.

At last with creeping, crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That on a staff his feeble limbs did frame,
And guide his weary gait both to and fro.
For his eyesight him failed long ago,
And on his arm a bunch of keys he bore,
The which unused, rust did overgrow.
But very uncouth sight was to behold
How he did fashion his untoward pace;
For as he forward mov'd his footing old,
So backward still was turn'd his wrinkled face
Unlike to men who ever as they trace
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
His name Ignaro, did his nature right arrend.
SPENSER.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

DR. JOHNSON.

THERE is a fine, graphic paper, on *Croker's Edition of Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in the *Edinburgh Review*, No. 107—just published. It is the running commentary of a masterly hand, upon the Life of Johnson, and, in some respects, a merited castigation of the excrescences which Mr. Croker has heaped upon, and stuffed into, a work previously crammed—to satisfy the most voracious maw. We do not care to use milder words about the matter; but quote the Reviewer's vivid sketch of Johnson's career.

Johnson grown old, Johnson in the fulness of his fame and in the enjoyment of a competent fortune, is better known to us than any other man in history. Every thing about him—his coat, his wig, his figure, his face, his scrofula, his St. Vitus's dance, his rolling walk, his blinking eye, the outward signs which too clearly marked his approbation of his dinner, his insatiable appetite for fish-sauce and veal-pie with plums, his inextinguishable thirst for tea, his trick of touching the posts as he walked, his mysterious practice of treasuring up scraps of orange-peel, his morning slumbers, his midnight disputations, his contortions, his mutterings, his grantings, his puffings, his vigorous, acute, and ready eloquence, his sarcastic wit, his vehemence, his insolence, his fits of tempestuous rage, his queer

inmates—old Mr. Levett and blind Mrs. Williams, the cat Hodge, and the Negro Frank,—all are as familiar to us as the objects by which we have been surrounded from childhood. But we have no minute information respecting those years of Johnson's life, during which his character and his manners became immutably fixed. We know him not as he was known to the men of his own generation, but as he was known to men whose father he might have been. That celebrated club of which he was the most distinguished member contained few persons who could remember a time when his fame was not fully established, and his habits completely formed. He had made himself a name in literature while Reynolds and the Wartons were still boys. He was about twenty years older than Burke, Goldsmith, and Gerard Hamilton, and about thirty years older than Gibbon, Beauclerk, and Langton, and about forty years older than Lord Stowell, Sir William Jones, and Windham. Boswell and Mrs. Thrale, the two writers from whom we derive most of our knowledge respecting him, never saw him till long after he was fifty years old, till most of his great works had become classical, and till the pension bestowed on him by Lord Bute had placed him above poverty. Of those eminent men who were his most intimate associates towards the close of his life, the only one, as far as we remember, who knew him during the first ten or twelve years of his residence in the capital, was David Garrick; and it does not appear that, during those years, David Garrick saw much of his fellow-townsmen.*

Johnson came up to London precisely at the time when the condition of a man of letters was most miserable and degraded. It was a dark night between two sunny days. The age of Mæcenases had passed away. The age of general curiosity and intelligence had not arrived. Nothing could be more deplorable than the state even of the ablest men, who at that time depended for subsistence on their writings. Johnson, Collins, Fielding, and Thomson, were certainly four of the most distinguished persons that England produced during the eighteenth century. It is well known that they were all four arrested for debt.

Into calamities and difficulties such as these Johnson plunged in his twenty-

* The Rev. Dr. Shaw, who died a few weeks since at Chesley, Somersetshire, at the age of 83, is said to have been the last surviving friend of Dr. Johnson.—*Morning Herald*, October 7, 1831.

eighth year. From that time, till he was three or four-and-fifty, we have little information respecting him—little, we mean, compared with the full and accurate information which we possess respecting his proceedings and habits towards the close of his life. He emerged at length from cocklofts and sixpenny ordinaries into the society of the polished and the opulent. His fame was established. A pension sufficient for his wants had been conferred on him; and he came forth, to astonish a generation with which he had almost as little in common as with Frenchmen or Spaniards.

In his early years he had occasionally seen the great; but he had seen them as a beggar. He now came among them as a companion. The demand for amusement and instruction had, during the course of twenty years, been gradually increasing. The price of literary labour had risen; and those rising men of letters, with whom Johnson was henceforth to associate, were for the most part persons widely different from those who had walked about with him all night in the streets, for want of a lodging. Burke, Robertson, the Wartons, Gray, Mason, Gibbon, Adam Smith, Beattie, Sir William Jones, Goldsmith, and Churchill, were the most distinguished writers of what may be called the second generation of the Johnsonian age. Of these men, Churchill was the only one in whom we can trace the stronger lineaments of that character, which, when Johnson first came up to London, was common among authors. Of the rest, scarcely any had felt the pressure of severe poverty. All had been early admitted into the most respectable society on an equal footing. They were men of quite a different species from the dependents of Curll and Osborne.

Johnson came among them the solitary specimen of a past age,—the last survivor of the genuine race of Grub Street hacks; the last of that generation of authors whose abject misery and whose dissolute manners had furnished inexhaustible matter to the satirical genius of Pope. From nature, he had received an uncouth figure, a diseased constitution, and an irritable temper. The manner in which the earlier years of his manhood had been passed, had given to his demeanour, and even to his moral character, some peculiarities, appalling to the civilized beings who were the companions of his old age. The perverse irregularity of his hours,—the slovenliness of his person,—his fits

of strenuous exertion, interrupted by long intervals of sluggishness,—his strange abstinence, and his equally strange voracity,—his active benevolence, contrasted with the constant rudeness and the occasional ferocity of his manners in society, made him, in the opinion of those with whom he lived during the last twenty years of his life, a complete original. An original he was, undoubtedly, in some respects. But if we possessed full information concerning those who shared his early hardships, we should probably find, that what we call his singularities of manner, were, for the most part, failings which he had in common with the class to which he belonged. He ate at Streatham Park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's Gate, when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but, when he did not fast, he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine. But when he drank it, he drank it greedily, and in large tumblers. These were, in fact, mitigated symptoms of that same moral disease which raged with such deadly malignity in his friends Savage and Boyse. The roughness and violence which he showed in society were to be expected from a man whose temper, not naturally gentle, had been long tried by the bitterest calamities—by the want of meat, of fire, and of clothes, by the importunity of creditors, by the insolence of booksellers, by the derision of fools, by the insincerity of patrons, by that bread which is the bitterest of all food, by those stairs which are the most toilsome of all paths, by that deferred hope which makes the heart sick. Through all these things the ill-dressed, coarse, ungainly pedant had struggled manfully up to eminence and command. It was natural, that, in the exercise of his power, he should be "eo immitior, quia toleraverat,"—that though his heart was undoubtedly generous and humane, his demeanour in society should be harsh and despotic. For severe distress he had sympathy, and not only sympathy, but munificent relief. But for the suffering which a harsh word inflicts upon a delicate mind, he had no

pity; for it was a kind of suffering which he could scarcely conceive. He would carry home on his shoulders a sick and starving girl from the streets. He turned his house into a place of refuge for a crowd of wretched old creatures who could find no other asylum; nor could all their peevishness and ingratitude weary out his benevolence. But the pangs of wounded vanity seemed to him ridiculous; and he scarcely felt sufficient compassion even for the pangs of wounded affection. He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache—with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road, or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which prudent people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of misery. Goldsmith crying because the Good-natured Man had failed, inspired him with no pity. Though his own health was not good, he detested and despised valetudinarians. Even great pecuniary losses, unless they reduced the loser absolutely to beggary, moved him very little. People whose hearts had been softened by prosperity might cry, he said, for such events; but all that could be expected of a plain man was not to laugh.

A person who troubled himself so little about the smaller grievances of human life, was not likely to be very attentive to the feelings of others in the ordinary intercourse of society. He could not understand how a sarcasm or a reprimand could make any man really unhappy. "My dear doctor," said he to Goldsmith, "what harm does it do to a man to call him *Holofernes*?" "Pooh, ma'am," he exclaimed to Mrs. Carter, "who is the worse for being talked of uncharitably?" Politeness has been well defined as benevolence in small things. Johnson was impolite, not because he wanted benevolence, but because small things appeared smaller to him than to people who had never known what it was to live for fourpence half-penny a-day.

The characteristic peculiarity of his intellect was the union of great powers with low prejudices. If we judged of him by the best parts of his mind, we should place him almost as high as he was placed by the idolatry of Boswell;—if by the worst parts of his mind, we should place him even below Boswell

himself. Where he was not under the influence of some strange scruple, or some domineering passion, which prevented him from boldly and fairly investigating a subject, he was a wary and acute reasoner, a little too much inclined to scepticism, and a little too fond of paradox. No man was less likely to be imposed upon by fallacies in argument, or by exaggerated statements of fact. But if, while he was beating down sophisms, and exposing false testimony, some childish prejudices, such as would excite laughter in a well-managed nursery, came across him, he was smitten as if by enchantment. His mind dwindled away under the spell from gigantic elevation to dwarfish littleness. Those who had lately been admiring its amplitude and its force, were now as much astonished at its strange narrowness and feebleness, as the fisherman, in the Arabian tale, when he saw the genie, whose stature had overshadowed the whole sea-coast, and whose might seemed equal to a contest with armies, contract himself to the dimensions of his small prison, and lie there the helpless slave of the charm of Solomon.

Johnson was in the habit of sifting with extreme severity the evidence for all stories which were merely odd. But when they were not only odd but miraculous, his severity relaxed. He began to be credulous precisely at the point where the most credulous people begin to be sceptical. It is curious to observe, both in his writings and in his conversation, the contrast between the disdainful manner in which he rejects unauthenticated anecdotes, even when they are consistent with the general laws of nature, and the respectful manner in which he mentions the wildest stories relating to the invisible world. A man who told him of a water-spout or a meteoric stone, generally had the lie direct given him for his pains. A man who told him of a prediction or a dream wonderfully accomplished, was sure of a courteous hearing. "Johnson," observed Hogarth, "like King David, says in his haste that all men are liars." "His incredulity," says Mrs. Thrale, "amounted almost to disease." She tells us how he browbeat a gentleman, who gave him an account of a hurricane in the West Indies, and a poor quaker, who related some strange circumstance about the red-hot balls fired at the siege of Gibraltar. "It is not so. It cannot be true. Don't tell that story again. You cannot think how poor a figure you make in telling it." He once said, half jestingly we suppose,

that for six months he refused to credit the fact of the earthquake at Lisbon, and that he still believed the extent of the calamity to be greatly exaggerated. Yet he related with a grave face how old Mr. Cave of St John's Gate saw a ghost, and how this ghost was something of a shadowy being. He went himself on a ghost-hunt to Cock-lane, and was angry with John Wesley for not following up another scent of the same kind with proper spirit and perseverance. He rejects the Celtic genealogies and poems without the least hesitation; yet he declares himself willing to believe the stories of the second sight. If he had examined the claims of the Highland seers with half the severity with which he sifted the evidence for the genuineness of Fingal, he would, we suspect, have come away from Scotland with a mind fully made up. In his Lives of the Poets, we find that he is unwilling to give credit to the accounts of Lord Roscommon's early proficiency in his studies; but he tells us with great solemnity an absurd romance about some intelligence preternaturally impressed on the mind of that nobleman. He avows himself to be in great doubt about the truth of the story, and ends by warning his readers not wholly to alight such impressions.

Many of his sentiments on religious subjects are worthy of a liberal and enlarged mind. He could discern clearly enough the folly and meanness of all bigotry except his own. When he spoke of the scruples of the Puritans, he spoke like a person who had really obtained an insight into the divine philosophy of the New Testament, and who considered Christianity as a noble scheme of government, tending to promote the happiness and to elevate the moral nature of man. The horror which the sectaries felt for cards, Christmas ale, plum-porridge, mince-pies, and dancing bears, excited his contempt. To the arguments urged by some very worthy people against showy dress, he replied, with admirable sense and spirit, "Let us not be found, when our Master calls us, stripping the lace off our waistcoats, but the spirit of contention from our souls and tongues. Alas! sir, a man who cannot get to heaven in a green coat will not find his way thither the sooner in a grey one." Yet he was himself under the tyranny of scruples as unreasonable as those of Hudibras or Ralphe; and carried his zeal for ceremonies and for ecclesiastical dignities to lengths altogether inconsistent with reason, or with Christian charity. He

has gravely noted down in his diary, that he once committed the sin of drinking coffee on Good Friday. In Scotland, he thought it his duty to pass several months without joining in public worship, solely because the ministers of the kirk had not been ordained by bishops. His mode of estimating the piety of his neighbours was somewhat singular. "Campbell," said he, "is a good man, — a pious man. I am afraid he has not been in the inside of a church for many years; but he never passes a church without pulling off his hat, — this shows he has good principles." Spain and Sicily must surely contain many pious robbers and well-principled assassins. Johnson could easily see that a Round-head, who named all his children after Solomon's singers, and talked in the House of Commons about seeking the Lord, might be an unprincipled villain, whose religious mummeries only aggravated his guilt. But a man who took off his hat when he passed a church episcopally consecrated, must be a good man, a pious man, a man of good principles. Johnson could easily see that those persons who looked on a dance or a laced waistcoat as sinful, deemed most ignobly of the attributes of God, and of the ends of revelation. But with what a storm of invective he would have overwhelmed any man who had blamed him for celebrating the close of Lent with sugarless tea and butterless buns.

(The remainder must stand over for our next Number.)

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

INSECT MISCELLANIES.

THIS volume (xii) completes the Entomological Series of the *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*, and with its two predecessors, *Insect Architecture* and *Insect Transformations*, forms a complete History of the Economy of the Insect World. These volumes it is true, are not according to *system*, else they would not properly belong to a *Library of Entertaining Knowledge*. They are therefore more attractive, and likely to lead the general reader to study Entomology as a science. They are reported to be from the observant pen of Mr. Rennie, Professor of Natural History in King's College, London. The present volume appears entitled to equal praise with those that have preceded it. We quote an interesting passage replete

with that concise summing-up which is so essential to the completeness of a compilation, and which may be said to invest a compilation with advantages over an original work.

Luminosity of the Sea.

"It does not seem to be yet satisfactorily ascertained to what cause is to be ascribed the beautiful phenomenon of the sparkling light so frequently seen at night in the waters of the sea, though the most prevalent opinion is, that it arises from marine insects, or crustaceous or molluscan animalcules, among which the shining crab (*Cancer fulgens*, &c.) has been particularized, apparently more from conjecture than observation. It is very improbable indeed that any species of crab would be so abundant, particularly since they do not swim so well 'as to bestar with their phosphorescent splendour the vast surface of the ocean, and transform it into a sea of flame,'—a spectacle, continues Humboldt, 'which stamped upon my memory an ineffaceable impression, and always excited fresh astonishment, although it was renewed every night for months together. It may be seen in every zone; but those who have not witnessed it within the tropics, and above all upon the main ocean, can form but a very imperfect conception of the grandeur of the phenomenon, particularly if the spectator places himself in the shrouds of a ship of the line, during a fresh breeze, when she ploughs through the crests of the waves, and at every roll her side is raised out of the water enveloped in ruddy flames, which stream like lightning from the keel, and flash towards the surface of the sea. At other times, the dolphins, while sporting in the waters, trace out sparkling furrows in the midst of the waves.'"

"Leaving out of our consideration as inadmissible, the opinion of Le Gentil † and Forster‡ that the light in question arises from electricity excited by the friction of the water upon the sides of the advancing ship,—the ascertained facts appear to be the following:—There are several luminous molluscs which have the faculty of emitting at pleasure a feeble phosphorescent light, generally of a bluish colour. Three of these have been particularized, (*Nereis noctiluca*; *Medusa pelagica*, β; § and

Monophora noctiluca.) the latter discovered by M. Bory de St. Vincent in Baudin's expedition.|| Besides these, a number of microscopic animalcules of species still undetermined, which Forster found swimming in innumerable multitudes in the sea near the Cape of Good Hope, have been confidently asserted to be the cause of the phenomenon. But though these may be partly or sometimes the cause, yet, in the greater number of instances, no animalcules whatever can be discovered in the luminous water, even by the aid of the best glasses. Such was the decision come to by Humboldt from numerous observations in the tropical seas, and his authority is one of the highest which can be adduced.¶ We had recently an opportunity of repeating these observations at Håvre de Grace, and could not discover the slightest trace of animalcules, although the water which we examined was so strongly luminous, that it shone upon the skin of some night-bathers like scattered clouds of lambent flame, appearing more as a property of the water itself than anything extraneous diffused through it; but we particularly remarked that no light appeared in quiescent water, it being only seen when the surface was broken by the ripple of the tide, or when a wave dashed upon the pebbles on the beach.**

"Humboldt, however, is of opinion, that though the phenomenon is only at times caused by animated lamp-bearers, it may probably arise in general from the decomposed fibrillæ of dead mollusca which abound beyond all calculation in the bosom of the waters. He proved this by passing some of the luminous water through cloth, when some of the fibrillæ were separated, and appeared in the form of luminous points. We should, on the other hand, have been inclined to infer that these points were caused by the luminous water moistening the fibres of the cloth: and our author himself afterwards seems to abandon the notion of fibrillæ for that of gelatinous fluid produced by the decomposition of the dead bodies, and imparting to sea-water the nauseous taste, which is as much disliked by us as it is relished by the fishes. Water may thus be rendered luminous by throwing into it a quantity of herring brine, and hence it appears that salt is indispensable; for, as M. Bory de St. Vincent justly remarks, the waters of our lakes and

* Humboldt, *Tableau de la Nature*, vol. ii. p. 9, and Note.

† *Voyage aux Indes*, i. 685—98.

‡ Remarks made in a *Voyage round the World*, p. 57.

§ Forskål, *Fauna Ægyptiaco-Arabica*, p. 109.

¶ *Voy. aux Iles d'Afrique*, i. 104.

¶ Humboldt, *Tableau de la Nature*, ii. 90.

** J. R.

marshes are never lamiuous, though these abound with polypi, both living and dead. There seems also to be certain states of the air favourable or unfavourable to the development of the light, for one night it will appear with great brilliancy, while on the following, though the circumstances seem all equal, it will be gone. It seems to be more frequent, as Humboldt remarked, 'when the sky was thick and cloudy, and upon the approach of a storm.' We have remarked it as frequently following as preceding a storm; but it seems to be independent of heat or cold; for on the banks of Newfoundland it is observed to shine with great brilliancy during the most rigorous frosts."

Every one who remembers the popularity of Messrs. Kirby and Spence's work upon Entomology, in four octavo volumes, will anticipate the similar success of Mr. Rennie's work, which, for twelve shillings presents the reader with nearly as much matter as is to be found in Kirby's four volumes at four pounds.

ANECDOTES OF BIRDS.

WE quote these delightfully-drawn traits from Mrs. S.C. Hall's *Juvenile-Forget-Me-Not* for 1832; reserving our note of its further contents for another occasion. There is the right living interest throughout Mrs. Hall's present volume.

"I had once a favourite black hen—'a great beauty,' she was called by every one, and so I thought her; her feathers were so jetty, and her topping so white and full! She knew my voice as well as any dog, and used to run cackling and bustling to my hand to receive the crumbs that I never failed to collect from the breakfast-table for 'Yarico'—so she was called. Yarico, when about a year old, brought forth a respectable family of chickens—little, cowering, timid things at first, but in due time they became fine chubby ones; and old Norna, the hen-wife, said, 'If I could only keep Yarico out of the copse, it would do; but the copse is full of weazels, and, I am sure, of foxes also. I have driven her back twenty times; but she watches till some one goes out of the gate, and then she's off again: it's always the way with young hens, miss—they think they know better than their keepers; and nothing cures them but losing a brood or two of chickens.' I have often thought since, that young people, as well as young hens, buy their experience equally dear. One morning I went with my crumbs to seek out my

favourite in the poultry-yard; plenty of hens were there, but no Yarico! The gate was open, and, as I concluded she had sought the forbidden copse, I proceeded there, accompanied by the yarmastiff, a noble fellow, steady and sagacious as a judge. At the end of a ragged lane, flanked on one side by a quick-set hedge, on the other by a wild common, what was called the copse commenced; but before I arrived near the spot I heard a loud and tremendous cackling, and met two young long-legged pullets running with both wings and feet towards home. Jock pricked up his sharp ears, and would have set off at full gallop to the copse, but I restrained him, hastening onward, however, at the top of my speed, thinking that I had as good a right to see what was the matter as Jock. Poor Yarico! An impertinent fox-cub had attempted to carry off one of her children; but she had managed to get them behind her in the hedge, and venturing boldly forth, had placed herself in front, and positively had kept the impudent animal at bay; his desire for plunder had prevented his noticing our approach, and Jock soon made him feel the superiority of an English mastiff over a cub-fox. The most interesting portion of my tale is to come. Yarico not only never afterwards ventured to the copse, but formed a strong friendship for the dog, who preserved her family. Whenever he appeared in the yard, she would run to meet him, prating and clucking all the time, and impeding his progress by walking between his legs, to his no small annoyance. If any other dog entered the yard, she would fly at him most furiously, thinking, perhaps, that he would injure her chickens; but she evidently considered Jock her especial protector, and treated him accordingly. It was very droll to see the peculiar look with which he regarded his feathered friend; not exactly knowing what to make of her civilities, and doubting how they should be received. When her family were educated and able to do without her care, she was a frequent visitor at Jock's kennel, and would, if permitted, roost there at night, instead of returning with the rest of the poultry to the hen-house. Yarico certainly was a most grateful and interesting bird.

"One could almost believe the parrot had intellect, when he keeps up a conversation so spiritedly; and it certainly is singular to observe how accurately a well-trained bird will apply his knowledge. A friend of mine knew one that had been taught many sentences; thus

—‘Sally, Poll wants her breakfast!’ ‘Sally, Poll wants her tea!’ but she never mistook the one for the other; breakfast was invariably demanded in the morning, and tea in the afternoon; and she always hailed her master, but no one else, by ‘How do you do, Mr. A.?’ She was a most amusing bird, and could whistle dogs, which she had great pleasure in doing. She would drop bread out of her cage as she hung at the street-door, and whistle a number about her, and then, just as they were going to possess themselves of her bounty, utter a shrill scream of—‘Get out, dogs!’ with such vehemence and authority, as dispersed the assembled company without a morsel, to her infinite delight. I have heard of another parrot, too, that was caught up by an eagle. The parrot, in its ignorance, was quite amused at such a unique mode of conveyance, and seeing the old gardener who had lost most of his hair, at work exclaimed, ‘Bald-pate, I ride—I ride!’ ‘Yes,’ replied the old man, slowly raising himself; ‘yes, yes, and you’ll pay for it.’ The story goes on farther to say, that the gardener, no way offended by the bird’s uncourteous mode of address, followed the eagle to the next field, where he alighted with his prey, and there actually rescued the parrot just as the eagle began to strip him of his feathers; by which time, we may presume, the saucy bird had learned that it was not the pleasantest thing in the world to ride with an eagle. The raven, too, is a bird of humour and sagacity. There was one kept a few years ago at Newhaven—an inn on the road between Buxton and Ashbourn. This bird had been taught to call the poultry when they were fed, and could do it very well, too. One day, the table was being set out for the coach-passengers’ dinner; the cloth was laid, with the knives and forks, spoons, mats, and bread, and in that state it was left for some time, the room-door being shut, but the window open. The raven had watched the operation very quietly, and, we may suppose, felt a strong ambition to do the like. When the coach was about arriving, and dinner was carried in, behold, the whole paraphernalia of the dinner-table had vanished! It was a moment of consternation—silver spoons, knives, forks, all gone! But what was the surprise and amusement to see, through the open window, upon a heap of rubbish in the yard, the whole array very carefully set out, and the raven performing the honours of the table to a numerous company of poultry,

which he had summoned about him, and was very consequentially regaling with bread. There is a story, and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to take a jackdaw’s nest from a hole under the belfry window in the tower of All Saints’ Church, Derby. As it was impossible to reach it standing within the building, and equally impossible to ascend to that height from without, they resolved to put a plank through the window; and while the heavier boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the lighter boy was to fix himself on the opposite end, and from that perilous situation to reach the object of their desire. So far the scheme answered. The little fellow took the nest, and, finding in it five fledged young birds, announced the news to his companion. ‘Five, are there?’ replied he; ‘then I’ll have three.’ ‘Nay,’ exclaimed the other indignantly, ‘I have run all the danger, and I’ll have the three.’ ‘You shall not,’ still maintained the boy in the inside; ‘you shall not. Promise me three, or I’ll drop you!’ ‘Drop me, if you please,’ replied the little hero; ‘but I’ll promise you no more than two;’ upon which his companion slipped off the plank. Up tilted the end, and down went the boy, upwards of a hundred feet, to the ground. The little fellow, at the moment of his fall, was holding his prize by their legs, three in one hand, and two in the other; and they, finding themselves descending, fluttered out their pinions instinctively. The boy, too, had on a stout carter’s frock, secured round the neck, which, filling with air from beneath, buoyed him up like a balloon, and he descended smoothly to the ground; when, looking up, he exclaimed to his companion, ‘Now you shall have none!’ and ran away, sound in every limb, to the astonishment of the inhabitants, who, with inconceivable horror, had witnessed his descent.

The Gatherer.

“A snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.”
SHAKESPEARE.

JUSTICE.

SOME merchants went to an Eastern sovereign, and exhibited for sale several very fine horses. The king admired them and bought them; he moreover gave the merchants a lack of rupees to purchase more horses for him. The king one day, in a sportive humour, ordered the vizier to make out a list of all the fools in his dominions. He did so, and put his majesty’s name at the head of them. The king asked why. He

replied, "Because you entrusted a lack of rupees to men you don't know, and who will never come back." "Ay, but suppose they should come back?" "Then I shall erase your name and insert theirs."

AN Englishman, travelling through Germany, having presented himself at the gate of a German city, was desired, in the usual manner, to describe himself. "I am," said he, "an elector of Middelex." The Germans, who hold the dignity of elector as next in rank to that of a king, and knew little or nothing of the English titles and ranks, immediately opened their gates, and the guard turned out and did him military honours.

CURIOUS LOVE.

PURCHASE in his "*Pilgrims*" tells us— "That, if in Muscovy, the women are not beaten once a-week, they will not be good, and therefore they look for it weekly; and the women say, if their husbands did not beat them they should not love them." P. T. W.

SEVERITY AGAINST PUPPET-SHOWS.

"THERE is (says Butler) a remarkable account of Biroche, the famous Puppet player of Paris, who was taken up as a conjuror in one of the cantons of Switzerland, (they taking his *puppets* for so many little devils) and he had certainly been condemned as such by the magistrates, had not Monsieur Dumont, a colonel of a regiment of Swiss, interposed, who convinced them at last, that there was no *witchcraft* in the case. However they insisted upon Biroche's paying the charge of the prosecution; which he not complying with, they *fined* him severely by plundering his *puppets* and carrying off their fine clothes in triumph; and putting him to the expense of new dressing them before they could appear in Flanders."

In Holland they formerly taxed puppet-shows.

N. B. We tremble. Should the Chancellor of the Exchequer read this article he may tax our darlings—*Punch* and *Judy*. P. T. W.

POLITENESS.

THE Marquess d'Harcourt walking arm in arm with Voltaire, a person took off his hat to the marquess, who returned the salute. "Why do you bow to that fellow," says Voltaire, "he's one of the greatest blackguards of the day!" "What of that," replied the marquess, "I would not allow a blackguard to outdo me as a gentleman!"

CURIOUS MULCT.

BAZILOWITZ the Great, Duke of Muscovy, sent to the city of Moscow, to provide for him a measure full of *live fleas*, for a medicine. They answered the thing was impossible, and if they could get them they could not measure them, because of their leaping out. Upon which he set a mulct upon them of seven thousand rubles. (See *Purchase's Pilgrims*.) P. T. W.

QUEER HERALDRY.

SIR Richard Steele in his comedy of the *Funeral* or *Grief a la mode*, introduces the servant of Mr. *Sable* the *Undertaker*, thus:

"Sir, I had come sooner, but I went to the *Heralds* for a *Coat* for Alderman Gathergrease, that died last night. He has promised to invent one against to-morrow."

Sable. "Ah; take some of our *Cits*; their first thing after their death, is to take care of their birth. Let him bear a *pair of stockings*; for he is the first of his family that ever wore one.

P. T. W.

In Bunhill fields Burying ground.

Here lies

Dame Mary Page
Relict of Sir Gregory Page, Bart.
She departed this Life
March 4th 1728,
In the 56th year of her Age.

In 67 months she was tapped 66 times. Had taken away 240 gallons of water, without ever repining at her case, or ever fearing the operation.

On an antique sculptured shield in the front of the tower of St Edmund's Church, Salisbury is the following inscription:

THE
LORD DID
MARVEILOUSLY
PRESERVE A GREAT
CONGREGATION OF
HIS PEOPLE FROM THE
FALL OF THE TOWER IN
THIS PLACE VPON THE
SABBATH DAY BEING
JUNE 26
1653.

PRAISE HIM O YEE CHILDREN.
COLBOURNE.

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